THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

The friend of Socrates, the friend of Plato,
But above all, the friend of truth.

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For the Observer.

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THE ATHENIAN REPUBLICK.

AN HISTORICAL ESSAY.

The history of nations, the rise and declension of empires, their laws, their customs, and multiplicity of governments, present to our attention the fairest examples of improvement. A study so sublime, so replete with every principle of instruction, demands not the aid of language or persuasion to enhance its value, or recommend its use; it speaks at once to the understanding, and to the heart. 'Tis the faithful mirror that reflects to existing ages the annals of departed time; where every action is traced to its latent influence, divested of all its prejudices, and in naked array before us; where we see the clemency of a Cæsar clouded and obscured by ambition, the zeal of a Cicero by ostentation, the virtues of a Cato by stoic apathy, and the justice of a Brutus by stern and inflexible cruelty.

The statesman and the moralist may regard it with equal delight; to the one it presents an unlimitted field for instruction, while it displays to the other the illusions of human stability... Athens, whose history I design to treat of, will furnish us with various examples to illustrate the foregoing reflections.

The subject has indeed been discussed, with elegance and perspicuity, by the pen of the copious Rollin; but that incomparable writer, from the length of his ancient history, a) work of prodigious application) was prevented from reciting, at least with sufficient prolixity, the many transactions that properly compose the history of the Athenian republic. He sketched indeed a comprehensive portrait of ancient Greece in general, but did not delineate the features that were eminently her greatest ornament. For this purpose I shall confine myself to the history of this individual state, but previous to my undertaking, it will be necessary to give a description of the parent country.

Ancient Greece was bounded on the east by the Ægean sea, on the south by the Cretan or Canadian sea, on the west by the Ionian sea, and on the north by Illyria and Thrace. The vanity inherent in almost every nation, to enhance the lustre of its origin, was conspicuous in the character of the Greeks, who claim their descent from Javan or Ion the son of Japhet and grandson of Noah: they were originally a set of wandering savages, who knew no other law than force, and whose only glory was fraud and violence. Can we believe, that a people, who have enriched mankind with the most splendid monuments of taste and literature, so celebrated for every refinement of polished life, should owe their origin to absolute barbarians? Yet such, if we credit their historians, in their infant state, were the primitive Grecians. So very averse were they to the endearments of society and neighbourhood, that they built their houses in the most solitary places, remote from one another, where each, despotic in himself, maintained his limited authority with furious violence and jealous apprehension. The number of these increasing by insensible degrees, began at length to assume the form of towns and cities. Raised from a state of torpid inactivity, a spark of ambition soon began to glow in the bosoms of some of the wretched natives; they dignified their humble possessions with the formidable titles of kingdoms, whose extent was confined to a few scanty leagues of land, to them an ample dominion. Rude, untaught, uncultivated, they still retained the impressions of their primitive barbarity; time had not served to instruct; nor an intercourse with each other, to civilize their manners; a jealous vigilance became the principle of every breast; outrage, fraud and rapine were practised as lawful game, and the consequence of each was frequent contests and frequent revolutions. Adversity seldom fails to instruct the mind. Exhausted by internal discord, the divided Grecians began at length to sigh for peace and liberty, the attainment of which became the object of their serious pursuit; they were as yet unacquainted with them but in idea; their struggles for the one deprived them totally of both; their mistaken ideas of independence were the sources of perpetual disquiet, and it was not till after a length of time, and a continuance of wretchedness, that they discovered and shrunk from the misery of their state. They were at length instructed that liberty truly understood consisted in the steady exercise of justice and of honour, virtues which they were strangers to, and of which they had only heard the names; the phantom they had mistaken for independence, and for which they had lived in perpetual broils with one another, was nothing but an arbitrary slavery; force and violence determined all things, 'till wearied at length with intestine feuds, they shook off the odious yoke of anarchy, and the establishment of regal government amongst them was the first introduction of liberty, peace and security. Such, as

handed down by their historians, were the rude beginnings of the Greeks; such their origin and manners. To Egypt and Phœnicia this illustrious people were indebted for the first faint polish of refinement; from the former they received a taste for the sciences, a knowledge of government, and of civil polity; by the latter they were instructed in commerce, writing, and navigation.

The triumph of discord had ceased, and monarchy, by common consent, became, in every district, the established rule of government. A revolution so unexpected, and so salutary, was regarded by all descriptions of men with wonder and applause; the wise and experienced looked up to it as the source of happiness, the dawn of liberty, the assurance of peace and concord; distinction, wealth, and merit, co-operated with the wished-for change; complaints were heard only from the disaffected. In the number of these states which submitted to subordinate rule, Athens was the most remarkable. The founder of this celebrated kingdom was Cecrops, a native of Egypt, who distinguished the beginning of his reign by wise and wholesome regulations. He divided the country into twelve districts, over each of which he appointed a ruler of acknowledged ability and experience. Equality of laws was established throughout the kingdom, but yet the decision of each provincial judge was far from being conclusive; for in all cases, except those of a singular nature, the subject had the liberty of appeal; the monarch himself presided on these occasions, when the complaints of all were determined with impartial justice.... At this memorable æra was established the famous æropagus or senate, a description of which shall be given in its proper place. Cranaus, who succeeded Cecrops, was a prince of blameless manners, but of a timid passive disposition: he held the reins of government with such irresolution, that faction, tumult and disorder began once more to shew themselves, and his feeble authority was in vain exerted to suppress them; his reign is alone remarkable for the famous difference between Neptune and Mars, which the æropagus, or legislative council of Athens, had both the wisdom and the honour to determine: the flood of Deucalion is supposed to have happened about this period. Amphiction ascended the throne of Athens amid the distractions of the state and the troubles of a divided government; his political genius and refined dissimulation were happily adapted to conciliate the favour of all parties; the disaffected he chastised with a firm and vigorous hand, while honour and distinction were profusely bestowed on the deserving: by his well directed intrigues he procured a confederacy between twelve nations, which assembled at Thermopylæ twice a year to offer sacrifices, and deliberate on their affairs in general; his object was, by this alliance to secure resources for future

occasions, and to enhance the consequence of his government in the eyes of the surrounding states ; this convention was called the assembly of the Amphictions.

The wise and moderate conduct of Amphiction had restored the state to its accustomed harmony, and on his death, Erectheus who succeeded him was elected by the voluntary suffrage of the people, at a moment of perfect peace and perfect tranquillity. History is silent with regard to the actions of this monarch, nor would his reign be noticed but for the arrival of Ceres in Attica, after the rape of her daughter Proserpine, and also for the institution of the mysteries at Eleusis. The choice of a virtuous successor became, in his latest moments, the most anxious care of Erectheus ; he fixed his attention on Egeus, in whom he discovered every requisite that constitutes the hero and the man ; courage, steadiness and magnanimity, consummate address in intrigue, a thirst for glory, tempered with all the feeling and humanity that the deity bestows when he forms the ennobled mind. Erectheus, a moment before his decease, conjured the Athenians with all the force of entreaty (and at such a moment entreaties have wonderful influence) to accept and ratify his choice. The voice of the dying monarch was obeyed, and every individual acquiesced in the election of Egeus.

The boasted tranquillity of Athens was at length disturbed by internal broils, and the rude approach of foreign hostility. Egeus beheld the impending tempest with a steady and undaunted eye ; the factious he overawed by his authority, and repelled the invasion of Minos, king of Crete, by timely and vigorous preparations ; never were the wisdom and address of a monarch more tried or more necessary than at this remarkable period. The ancient spirit of democracy began once more to revive ; feuds, quarrels and dissentions prevailed at every quarter, and almost rendered abortive the utmost ability of Egeus.

Opposition serves to call forth the vigour of the mind ; assailed on all sides by clamour and insurrection, Egeus resisted the surrounding torrent unmoved and unintimidated ; he pursued the divided factions with open force ; he looked rebellion into fear, and destroyed, by a signal overthrow, the intemperate fury that had dared to resist his authority ; peace, order and obedience were the immediate consequences of such a conduct, and the Grecian states resounded with the fame and atchievements of the Athenian monarch.

The æra we at present speak of is looked on as the most illustrious period in the history of these times, not only for the valour and intrepedity of Egeus, but for the expedition of the Argonauts, the labours of Hercules, and the story of Theseus and Ariadne. Fame, distinction and honourable ease attended

Egeus to the grave ; but the tranquillity he had succeeded in restoring ceased with his existence ; the hand of death had scarcely sealed his eyes, when violent commotions, with regard to the succession, agitated the state once more ; monarchy began to meet with formidable opponents ; the quarrel of the land became at length so furious, that to espouse the cause of either party was fatal. The wise and prudent retired from the dangerous conflict, and it was not till after a world of opposition, that the authority of Theseus overawed and reconciled at the same time the divided factions ; to the astonishment of all he seized the vacant throne, nor did he in any instance of his life degenerate from the virtues of his father and predecessor. He instantly changed the form of government as established by Cecrops, and reduced the twelve districts, (until then divided) into one united body, that thus the people might be brought to understand their mutual dependence on the laws. He watched with unceasing vigilance the slightest symptom of rebellion, and destroyed it in its moment of existence. Reserve and fear were depicted in every countenance ; Theseus swayed the sceptre not by the aid of affection, but of force ; his austerity of manners, if ever he possessed the regards of his people, had totally estranged them from him, and without a single properisity in his character to despotic principles, he became, in the opinion of all, a severe and sanguinary tyrant ; the situation of the times had painted him in these odious colours ; necessity made him assume an appearance that secretly he detested ; from being naturally open he became sullen, haughty and suspicious ; he was seldom seen in publick ; all access to him was denied, save only through the medium of the æropagus or senate, to whose judgement and wisdom he submitted on all occasions. Notwithstanding this seeming severity, Theseus was truly the father and not oppressor of his people ; never, at any period, was Athens governed by better laws or a milder government ; but the deluded people knew not how to estimate their happiness ; they received with jealous caution the favours and indulgence bestowed on them, and every act of the monarch was ascribed to deliberate circumvention. Theseus was not a stranger to their illiberal prejudices, and made use of all his address to remove them ; but his arrogance of manner was an insuperable bar to such an attempt. Wearied at last of the toils of government and of domestick quarrel*, he resigned his sceptre and his life at a moment when he was most disgusted with both. His death was concealed for several days with studious care, nor did the most distant hint of it transpire till every matter with regard to the succession was arranged by secret

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* *The fatal passion of Phædra for Hippolitus, the son of Theseus, was a source of endless inquietude to this unhappy monarch.*

cabal and intrigue ; the tidings then were formally announced to the people, and Codrus, the son of Melander, was at the same moment presented to their attention by the senate, who made use of all their influence to secure the election in his favour.

So unexpected an event was like a thunderbolt to the hopes of the Athenians ; at any other period they would have regarded the death of Theseus with transport, but at the present it was a source of inexpressible sorrow. They had long determined to shake off the yoke of monarchy, and only waited for a favourable occasion to display themselves ; that intention was now inevitably frustrated ; the evil they long had groaned under was still continued in the person of the new successor, and incapable of altering the present situation of affairs, they reluctantly acquiesced in the choice of the senate. Codrus was proclaimed, and the ferment but not the discontent of their minds subsided to a calm.

[*To be continued.*]

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF VOLTAIRE.

MARIE FRANCOIS AROUET, who afterwards assumed the name of Voltaire, from a small patrimonial estate which he inherited, was born at Paris, the twentieth of February, 1694, being the son of Francois Arouet, an ancient notary of the Chatelets by Marie Margurete Daumart. At the birth of this celebrated man, who afterwards attained the age of eighty-four years, his life was despaired of, and his health was for a long time in a precarious state. From his earliest years he shewed great brilliancy of genius and activity of imagination ; and, to use his own phrase, *he lisp'd in numbers ere he left the cradle.* He studied in the college founded by Lewis XIV. and made a rapid progress. Some pieces of his still exist, written between the age of twelve and fourteen, which do not betray any mark of child-hood.

Early in life he was introduced to the celebrated Ninon de L'Enclos, who was so pleased with his display of talents, that she presented him with two thousand livres, to furnish him a small library. When he left the college, he was sent to study the law ; but the dryness of that pursuit so much disgusted him, that he gave up all thoughts of the profession, and applied himself to his beloved poetry. Having been admitted to the society of the Abbé Cholieu, the marquis de Fare, the Duke de Sulli, the grand Prior de Vendome, and others, he acquired that natu-

ral good taste and pleasantry which so eminently distinguished the court of Louis XIV. Such a society rather encouraged than corrected that propensity to satire, which he shewed at a very early age, and which was afterwards the cause of many disagreeable circumstances to him. He indulged his inclination in this respect at the expence of government, and the governors: and was imprisoned near a year in the Bastile, during the regency of the Duke of Orleans. His tragedy of Oedipus appeared in 1718, and met with great success. The regent saw the piece, and was so charmed with it, that he ordered him to be released, and said, if he would be prudent, he would take care of him ... Arouet with great humour replied, "I am much obliged to your "Highness, but beg you will not take care of my lodging or "my diet."

His father wished to make him an advocate, and was so offended at his taste for poetry, that he had driven him from his house; but going to one of the representations of his new tragedy, he was affected, even to shed tears, and embraced his son in the midst of many of the celebrated ladies of the court: there was from henceforth no further thought of making young Arouet a lawyer.

About the year 1720, he took a journey to Bruxelles; the unfortunate and much celebrated Rousseau was then in that city: these two great geniuses met, and soon conceived an aversion to each other. Rousseau shewed Voltaire an ode he had written *To Posterity*. "This letter," said the latter, "will never reach those to whom it is addressed." This and other severe strokes, did not tend to conciliate affairs between them. On his return to Paris, in 1722, he produced his Mariamme, which did not succeed any more than his tragedy of Artemira. These mortifications, his independent spirit, his religious opinions, and his inclination to satire, induced him to retire to England, where he published his Henriade. George I. and the princess of Wales, afterwards Queen, bestowed favours and gratifications on him, and procured him many subscribers. This laid the foundation of his fortune, which was afterwards considerably augmented by the profits of his works, the favour of princes, by commerce, and by a spirit of œconomy, which was stigmatized as avarice, till in his latter days he shewed he knew how to make a good use of riches. On his return to France, he employed the money he had collected in England in a lottery, established by M. Desforts, controuler general of the finances, and was successful.... This attention to pecuniary affairs did not hinder him from cultivating the belles lettres, which was his ruling passion. His tragedy of Brutus appeared in 1730, written with greater strength of language than any other of his tragedies, and was more esteemed by the connoisseurs than followed by the generality of spectators. The beaux esprits of that age, Fontenelle, La Motte, &c. advised him to quit the dramatic art, as they thought it not

suited to his genius. Voltaire thought otherwise, and to convince them to the contrary, produced his Zaire, a piece the most affecting of any that had appeared for a long period of time.

Voltaire did not confine himself to poetry. His *Lettres Philosophiques*, full of bold speculation an satirical shafts, aimed at what he thought errours in religion, having appeared, was directed by arret of the parliament of Paris to be burned; and an order issued to arrest the author, who prudently got off. Voltaire had connected himself (in 1733) with the Marchoiness du Chatelet; with her he retired Cerey, an estate belonging to that lady in Champagne, where he built a gallery for experiments on light and electricity, and formed a fine cabinet, and a numerous library. In this retreat he composed his *Elements of the Philosophy of Newton*. Our great Philosopher was then little known in France, and the numerous disciples of Descartes were as little desirous to be acquainted with him. While employed in those occupations, he composed his tragedies of Alzire, Mahomet, the Prodigal Son, and Merope; the former he sent into the world in 1736. His view in this, as in many other of his works, was to soften the minds of his audience, and he succeeded beyond his hopes. Here he also wrote his Universal History. He was now in the prime of his age, and the height of his genius, which he proved by his tragedy of Mahomet, a piece full of bold and manly strokes. Compiaints were made of it to the *procureur general*, as a work tending to injure religion; and, by the advice of Cardinal Fleury, our author caused it be withdrawn. His tragedy of Merope was performed with a success equal to his Alzire, and afforded the idea of a species of tragedy, of which there existed few models; when it appeared in print, it was however much criticised. It was on the representation of this piece, that both pit and boxes demanded to see the author, an honour then conferred on authors of great merit only.

For six years Voltaire continued in this charming retreat, during which time he kept up a correspondence with the Prince of Prussia, afterwards Frederick the Great; at the end of which time, Voltaire and Madame du Chatelet went to Brussels, on the business of a law-suit; and while they were there, the old king of Prussia died, and the young king set out on his travels. On his return he intended to take Brussels in his way, but falling sick by the way, he sent for Voltaire, who waited on him, and was well received. Frederick gave him an invitation to his court, but Voltaire told him, that his attachment to Madame du Chatelet would not permit him.

Returning to Cerey, he passed his winters at Paris, where, he tells us, he had a croud of enemies. He had written the History of Charles XII. several pieces for the theatres, and even an epic poem; he had of course, as enemies, all those who meddled either in verse or prose; and as he had also been so bold as to write on philosophy, the devotees of course branded him

as an atheist. After the production of Merope, by the interest of the celebrated Madame de Pompadour, he obtained the favour of the court, and was employed to compose a piece on the marriage of the Dauphin, on which occasion he wrote his *Princess of Navarre*, which although little applauded procured him additional rewards from the court; he was made gentleman of the king's chamber, and appointed also historiographer of France. As soon as he had received the latter appointment, to prove that he was not unworthy his place, he wrote his history of the war in 1741. In the years 1745, 6, and 7, he was employed by the ministry in several affairs of consequence; and when the invasion of England was meditated, was directed to draw the manifesto of the King of France in favour of Charles Stuart. Voltaire had been long desirous of being a member of the French Academy, which honour he did not obtain until 1746. The satires which pursued him on his admission, gave him so much uneasiness, that, on an invitation from King Stanislaus, he retired with madame du Chatelet to Luneville. This illustrious lady died there in 1749.

Soon after her death, he returned to Paris, but did not remain there long. Although he had many admirers, he was incessantly complaining of the endeavours used to rob him of that glory of which he was so desirous. His friends tried to calm his inquietude, by loading him with praise: but thinking he should find more admiration, more tranquillity, and greater reward at a distance from his country, he accepted of an invitation from Frederick II. King of Prussia; and in 1750, repaired to Berlin. Here he received a pension of twenty thousand livres, had a peculiar attention paid him, an apartment in the palace, permission to see the king at certain hours, and to assist him in those literary productions with which that heroick monarch amused himself during his liesure time. But this did not last long; the celebrated Maupertius was engaged in a quarrel with Koenig; Voltaire, contrary to the direction of the king, took a part in it, and a disagreement between the king and him followed. Voltaire, who had been honoured with the key of chamberlain, and the cross of the order, sent them back to the king in the first transport of anger. The king made concessions to retain him, but Voltaire departed, promising to return, at the same time determined not to do so. Voltaire's absence afforded Maupertius an opportunity to make the breach wider. Among other tales, he reported, that while Voltaire was one day with general Marstein, employed in revising the Memoirs of Russia, composed by that officer, the king sent him some verses to look over, and that Voltaire said to the general, "My friend, you see the king has "sent me some of his dirty linen to wash now; I will wash "yours afterwards."—Whether this was true or false, the king caused Voltaire to be stopped at Frankfort, until he had delivered up his poetry.

Having recovered his liberty, he endeavoured to obtain permission to return to Paris; but one of his poems, deemed both obscene and impious, preventing him from succeeding, he retired to Colmar, and about a year after to Geneva. Here he purchased a pleasant country residence, and enjoyed the esteem of the Genevans and foreigners who visited that place. The disputes which agitated this little republick, forced him to quit his agreeable retreat, and he fixed at the village of Ferney, in the country of Gex, about a league from Geneva. He found a country almost wild: he cultivated it, and from a population of fifty peasants, raised a colony of twelve hunderd persons, labouring successively for themselves and the state. Many artists, particularly watch makers, settled under his patronage, and he sent their productions for sale to Russia, Spain, Germany, Holland, and Italy.

In this retreat, he called to him and protected the great niece of the illustrious Corneille, saved Syrvan from oppression, and rescued from ignominy the unfortunate family of Calas. In this retreat Voltaire erected a tribunal, where he judged almost all the human race. Here he enjoyed the esteem of many sovereigns; the king of Prussia notwithstanding their quarrel, kept up a constant correspondence with him, and caused a statue to be made of him, on the base of which was inscribed IMMORTALITY; and the Empress of Russia sent him many valuable presents.

His inclination still led him to wish a return to Paris, and in 1778, he quitted Ferney, and set out for the capital. He met with a most flattering reception; the academies decreed him honours hitherto unknown; he was crowned in a full theatre, and the public expressed the warmest enthusiasm for him... The fatigues he underwent, the alteration in his regimen, and his way of living, heated his blood; a violent hœmorrage ensued, and left him very weak. Some days before his last illness, being at table with the Marquis de Villette, he said to him—"You are like the kings of Egypt, who, when they ate, "had a death's head before them." Finding himself in want of sleep, he took too large a dose of opium, which almost deprived him of his senses. He died the 30th of May, 1778. Various reports have been spread respecting his conduct in his last moments, but little can be relied on respecting them. Voltaire's deistical principles naturally drew on him the abuse of the clergy of the church of Rome; and, to use a phrase of Lord Bolingbroke's, they have not failed to bestow on him plenty of ecclesiastical Billingsgate. But when the calm light of reason shall judge as it ought, Voltaire will stand forth as a friend of man and an illustrious partizan of liberty. Posterity will esteem him so long as the French language shall exist, for the brilliancy of his imagination, his exquisite taste, his diversity of talents, and his variety of knowledge. His works are astonishingly vo-

luminous, amounting to ninety-one volumes in 12mo. including his letters. Among the poetical pieces are the celebrated poem of the Henriade, the tragedies of Œdipe, Herode et Mariamme, Brutus, Zaire, Adelaide, Alzire, Zuleme, La Mort de Cesar, Mahomet, Semiramis Oreste, Rome Sauvée, L'Orphelin dela Chine, Tancred, Les Scythes, Irene. Several commedies, among which are L'Indiscret, L'Infant Prodigue, Nanine, some operas, and a great number of fugitive pieces.

His works in prose are, 1. his Essay on General History, which, with the Lives of Lewis XIV. and XV., form 10 vols. 8 vo. 2. History of Charles XII. 3. The History of Peter I. 4. Melanges de Literature. 5. Dictionnaire Philosophique: and a variety of others, on which the limits of our work will not permit us to enlarge.

For the Observer.

OBSERVATIONS OF A VENDEAN
ON THE LAST NEWS FROM EUROPE —(JUNE, 1807.)

(Continued from p. 124.)

This is not all; could the royalists any longer bear arms, when England quietly beheld them suffer the grossest indignity, when she allowed those royalists who had assembled on the frontiers of the south of France, through the means which she had herself supplied, to be disarmed, and compelled to lay aside *the white cockade* in the camp of general Melas, without reclamation...But she put the last stroke to their indignation and despair, when she gave instructions to her ministers in foreign countries since the catastrophe of Georges and Pichegru, to abandon to all the rigour of their destiny, those honourable victims, which the tyranny of the present government of France has scattered here and there in the two hemispheres: to these they often leave only the choice of putting an end to their existence, or of expiring of grief, want, and humiliation. It is true that at the time she gave these orders, she believed herself sure of the coalition of Russia and Austria, and already imagined she beheld the Cossacks giving the law at Paris; amidst this happy illusion, very far from supposing the royalists could be ever useful to her, she saw in them only a source of apprehension, or, at least, a troublesome incumbrance: since her object was to humble their country and their king. Besides, at this period and until the taking of Varsovie, it is well known that the royalists and French princes were completely disgusted, that every where, those who had shed their blood and sacrificed their fortunes in *the common cause of England*, were treated and considered indiscriminately in the same way with those, whose armies had been glutted with English blood.

But from this moment, England should have also calculated, that men who have both *head* and *heart* do not easily lose the recollection of such outrages and manœuvres; and that they must be too highly offended, too deeply wounded, by a system of *indifference, cruel* as interested, not to rejoice at seeing England herself, on the verge of that abyss, in which she had suffered them to be involved, with such unrelenting apathy! Surely! there is not a royalist, (I speak of those who have fought in the cause, and have seen the events of the revolution otherwise than in the newspapers) no, there is not a *soldier of the Bourbons*, who is not ready to apply to England this idea of their *King Charles* 1st..." *I had rather fall under the hands of those who have so dearly purchased me, than serve those who have so basely betrayed me.*"

It may thus be safely asserted, that such *proclamations* as this in question, will excite no movements amongst the royalists, IT IS TOO LATE; and such resources are too imperceptible, too insignificant, to be employed against a conqueror, environed by legions intoxicated with victory. See what were the final results of the insurrection of Calabria last year. It was quelled; the English abandoned the insurgents, and the military commission ended those whom the chance of war had spared. This will be henceforth the fate of all insurrections of this nature; *the recent catastrophe* of a handful of royalist-officers whom the English cast on the coast of Bretagne, and who were immediately seized, and probably slaughtered, plainly shew what would be the fate of those, whose misplaced credulity and courage might tempt to imitate them.

Besides this circumstance and the proclamation which furnish the subject of these observations, amply demonstrate, that since despair prompts recourse to this method, *it is also clear and incontestible, that this remedy would have been all powerful, had it been adopted in time, and when it was so vehemently urged by those who well knew its importance*... But *now* this method can only be productive of new evils; because all those who are seized, and this proclamation found in their possession, as well as all those who are suspected or proved to have distributed or even spoken of it, will be shot or thrown into dungeons for life!

And as for the king of Sweden, if indeed this proclamation has issued from his camp, he may be assured that Buonaparte *who never forgave*, will make him pay for this step, with the loss of Pomerania, and perhaps, of his own crown.

It is thus that the English have constantly sacrificed their champions. Amongst twenty proofs, I will name only one example which this campaign furnishes. When Great Britain had armed Russia and Prussia, in this crisis, which every thing seemed to indicate as the last, ought not England to have risked 30 or 40 thousand men for the purpose of rescuing Dantzick and Stralsund, whilst these places might yet lend each other mutual support; this she should have done, had it been only

with a view to her own preservation in concurring in the deliverance of her allies? It was spoken of in the English newspapers, enough to put Buonaparte on his guard in the rear, and then the allies were left to themselves. It is true, that in the mean time, Great Britain undertook COMMERCIAL expeditions,... for instance, on Buenos Ayres and Egypt, in order to add new factories to those which she can already hardly embrace. She expected by these operations to increase the number of her markets when peace should take place, and to avoid mingling a drop of British blood, with that of those *mercenaries*, whom she had purchased and which she lavished with the most unbounded profusion!! as if all these diversions, these distant and ephemeral successes could counterbalance the ruin of the coalition and the continental armies!

When we maturely reflect on the number and nature of these faults, can we be any longer surprised at the successes of Buonaparte, since the imprudence and the egotism of his enemies have seemed as if intended to supply any deficiency of means or talents he might have had, had he been deficient in either.

We may indeed repeat these well known words to England, especially, because she was the *soul* of all the councils of the European powers, and it depended only on her to influence them differently: "*You have sown the wind; well! reap the tempest!*"

Yes, proud Albion, this will be your harvest; with this will you be agitated, until your haughty vessel is dashed to pieces; for if you had not diffused in France the works of pretended *philosophy*, which turned the heads of the people and instigated them to throw off the religious and political yoke; if you had not represented to the people of Paris the assassination of your *king Charles the 1st* as the source of your present grandeur and regeneration, you would now only have to dispute with France, a competition of markets for the colonial productions, and not as at present, to fight for your own preservation!

But you wanted to profit by the commotions which these principles had already fomented from 1777 to 1778, until they burst forth definitively in 1789, to revenge yourself on Louis the XVI. for the protection he had given to the American insurgents:

You flattered yourself, that by means of the civil war, you might conquer or ruin the French colonies in the two Indies, and establish there the exclusive supremacy of your commerce; you have even conceived the agreeable idea of reimplacing English commissioners on the coasts of France, as Louis the XV. had so basely permitted by the treaty of 1773.... You have hoped that amidst the confusion of intestine broils, you could invade the maritime departments, burn Brest and Toulon, and destroy every vestige of the French navy. And to purchase the privilege of thus devastating France and humbling its sceptre, you have promised the shreds of the plunder to the

coalition. It was thus that by order of the Duke of York, since he was commander in chief of the allied armies at the siege of Valenciennes, you attached the arms of Austria to the walls, under the immediate view of the Pretenders to the crown of France, whom you held inactive in this army.

It is thus that by a constant succession of mistaken policy, by an egotism of conduct, as striking as imprudent, you have rallied so many parties in France, who have mutually destroyed each other; and that in a word you may attribute to yourself the honour of having opened to Bonaparte the path to the throne, and of having prepared his triumphs and his glorious *apotheosis!* (1)

And it is now you would make an appeal to the French, in order to reunite them, under the standards of their legitimate King!!! Listen then to the reply which those amongst them may make to you, who have a thousand times braved death, for this cause which you would recall from oblivion, to serve your present exigencies: -

...." my force to prove
Is only mine, the rest belongs to Jove."

" But in combatting, we fought for the safety, the honour, and " the independence of our country. Henceforth our blood shall " be no more blindly sacrificed, to the interest of individuals, of " false friends, who so imprudently trifle with the devotion, the " valour and the misfortunes of their allies and their companions " in arms. And further, if your destruction did not at this mo- " ment involve that of the whole universe, their ardent vows " would be united for your *humiliation;* but if through attach- " ment to the general cause, they suppress this *just* dictate of " their indignation; at least, they will every one at length reply " to you with Achilles,

Long toils, long perils, in their cause I bore,
But now th' ungrateful glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the same.

A VENDEAN.

(1) This picture will be still more striking, if it is compared with the article in the *recrimination* which relates to *England*, see Observer, No.

For the Observer.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

August 29th, 1799, died a prisoner at Valence in France, after having reigned 24 years, 6 months, and 14 days, aged 81 years, and 8 months, Pope Pius VI. formerly Cardinal John Braschi. He was born at Cassena, December 27, 1776; was created Cardinal by his predecessor, Clement XIV. in April 1773; elected Pope Feb. 15; crowned the 22d of the same month, and took possession at St. John Lateran's, Nov. 30, in the same year 1775.

(*The Annual Register, or, A View of the History, Politics and Literature, for the year* 1779—Lon. 1801—in 8vo.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

INVITATION TO MONIMIA.

I know a grove where wood-nymphs haunt,
And oft their dulcet numbers chaunt;
Where Fays, in many a merry round,
Along the banks of riv'lets sheen;
Dance to the unseen tabor's sound,
While Luna rises all serene,
And wand'ring to her utmost height,
Sheds on the streams her softest light—

O come Monimia, maid divine!
I'll say that rapture ne'er was mine;
Such rapture as my soul shall prove,
As through this fairy, flowery grove!
Enchanted, by thy side I stray,
And hear thy sighs my sighs repay.

O! sweet's the season, love, the flowers
Around the scene unfading bloom;
Now, climbing careless o'er the bow'rs,
Fling on the gale a rich perfume!
While countless warblers through the grove,
Attune their sweetest notes to love.

Alas! when thou wert far from me,
And I could think on nought but thee;
How often have these anxious feet,
At evening sought the lov'd retreat?
While fancy, in the chequer'd shade,
Has half reveal'd my charming maid!

O! many a dream of rapture, there,
Has brought thee kind, as thou art fair!
And thou hast murmur'd, "I am thine!"
And laid thy blushing cheek to mine!
Then, all my soul was giv'n to thee!
And thou wert all the world to me!

O haste! those visions realise!
And let me read it in thine eyes;
Those sweetest tell-tales of the heart,
That oft thy tenderest thoughts impart!
Bid them but beam one smile on me,
One kindly smile shall make me blest!
And all my joy, my heaven shall be,
On dear Monimia's lovely breast!

FREDERICK.

THE MARINER,

BY ANN RADCLIFF, AUTHOR OF THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Soft came the breath of spring; smooth flow'd the tide,
And blue the heaven in its mirror smil'd;
The white sail trembled, swell'd, expanded wide,
The busy sailors at the anchor toil'd.

With anxious friends, that shed the parting tear,
The deck was throng'd—how swift the moment fly!

The vessel heaves, the farewell signs appear;
Mute is each tongue, and eloquent each eye!

The last dread moment comes?—The sailor youth
Hides the big drop, and smiles amid his pain,
Sooths his sad bride, and vows eternal truth,
"Farewell, my love—we shall—shall meet again!"

Long on the stern, with heaving hand, he stood;
The crowded shore sinks, lessening, from his view,
As gradual glides the bark along the flood;
His bride is seen no more—"Adieu! adieu!"

The breeze of eve means low, her smile is o'er,
Dim steals her twilight down the crimson'd west,
He climbs the top-most mast, to seek once more
The far-seen coast, where all his wishes rest.

He views its dark line on the distant sky,
And fancy leads him to his little home,
He sees his weeping love, he hears her sigh,
He sooths her griefs, and tells of joys to come.

Eve yields to night, the breeze to wintry gales,
In one vast shade the seas and shores repose;
He turns his aching eyes, his spirit fails,
The chill tear falls; sad to the deck he goes!

The storm of midnight swells, the sails are furl'd,
Deep sounds the lead, but finds no friendly shore,
Fast o'er the waves the wretched bark is hurl'd,
"O Ellen, Ellen! we must meet no more!

Lightning, that shew the vast and foamy deep,
The rending thunders, as they onward roll,
The loud, loud winds, that o'er the billows sweep—
Shake the firm nerve, appal the bravest soul!

Ah! what avails the seaman's toiling care!
The straining cordage bursts, the mast is riv'n;
The sounds of terror groan along the air,
Then sink afar;—the bark on rocks is driv'n!

Fierce o'er the wreck the whelming waters pass'd,
The helpless crew sunk in the roaring main!
Henry's faint accents trembled in the blast—
"Farewell my love—we ne'er shall meet again."

Oft, at the calm and silent evening hour,
When summer-breezes linger on the wave,
A melancholy voice is heard to pour
Its lonely sweetness o'er poor Henry's grave!

And oft, at midnight, airy strains are heard
Around the grove, where Ellen's form is laid
Nor is the dirge by village-maidens fear'd,
The lovers' spirits guard the holy shade!

ERRATA

In last Ephemeris—for 700 houses, read 7000.

J. ROBINSON, PRINTER.